

Out of the Darkness

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Summary: About this person who was in Azkaban... please read and review! My first Fic!

## Out of the Darkness

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>And Into the Light<br>

><br> I do not know how long it's been, but all I know is darkness, a world with out light or laughter. Whether it be rain or shine, all I hear is screaming. I doubt my sanity. But worst of all is the cold and horror of the cloaked beings. I think it is they that bring the misery, but how can I be sure? I don't have anything, no family, no memory, and I guess it only makes sense that I have no misery. Sometimes during these long periods of thinking I remember a place full of laughter, but I don't remember what laughter is.

><br>"But Harry! It would be all over if you release him!"

>"No Ron, it's my only choice. Voldemort is gone, and with Remus' life hanging on a thread like thatâ€|he's my last hope."<br>"I know you are the Minister but you can't just release him like that. He's a great danger to us all!"

>"Ron, you know that Sirius and Remus are practically all I have left of my parents. If anything happens to themâ€|I just don't know what to do."<br>It's been 9 years since Harry became a wizard. He is now currently the youngest Minister of Magic in all of history, with Ron as his assistant.

>"I guess if it's so important to you, I can probably manage." Ron was very doubtful, but he knew exactly how much Remus means to Harry.<br>"I'm sorry Ron."

>"I'm not the one you should say sorry to."<br>

> It's another day, but I felt something was wrong. I don't know what but somehow I think there was less screaming, even though it is hard to tell. The cloaked beings had left, even though the trail they left behind was just as cold and full of horrorâ€|<br>

>"How did I get myself into this?" muttered Ron as he cleared the last of the dementors out of Azkaban and into their resting place. When someone comes to release a prisoner they usually clean out all

the dementors so it will be easier. When Ron was done, he went to cell number 235.<br>"Hello professor, remember me?" The prisoner just sat, like nothing happened.

>"Professor Severus Snape, I never thought I'd see the day when I released you with my own two hands. I really should kill you after what you did. She was minding her own business, came across your door, and look what you did to her. You killed her. You killed her because you had no mercy, and she had accidentally overheard you talking about your kills. So many innocent lives cut short by your hands, including that of my only sister, Ginny Weasley!"<br>Ron took a moment to calm down, and then he took out his keys and unlocked the cell.

><br> I saw a screaming man in front of my bars today. That was new. I usually only hear screaming people in the places to my left and right and someone on the other side who has his own set of bars. After his screaming, he took out some jingling pieces of metal. I was glad because someone once opened a person's bars with those jingling pieces of metal. That person got out of this place. I don't know where he went, but anywhere is probably better than here. The man opened my bars and led me out of that place, into a world where a ball of fire lights the sky.

><br>"Are you feeling well Remus?"

>"I'll live. You have an important job Harry, you shouldn't worry about me so much. After all, I have Sirius and that's enough company for me."<br>Remus looked weak and tired, which he probably was. It breaks Harry's heart to see his old friend this way, but he knew help was on its way. As quiet as a mouse, the famous Harry Potter tiptoed out of the hospital room and went to his office in the Ministry of Magic.

><br> The man asked me if I can apparate. I didn't know what he was talking about. So he took a stick of wood and said a couple of words then we appeared in front of a large building. There I met a queer looking man with a lightning shape scar on his forehead.

><br>"So this is Snape?"

>"Precisely."<br>"Why don't you take him to Eller so he can have a nice bath and some decent clothes first," Harry suggested.

>"Right," Ron said. So Ron took Snape to the young healer.<br>"He's in bad shape."

>"That's why I took him to you Eller. Everyone knows you're the best healer we have."<br>"Ron, you know I don't take flattering."

>Ron shrugged.<br>"Well let's have a look at him. How are you feeling Snape?" Silence. "Do you think he's mute?"

>"Maybe, we'll just have to find out."<br>

> I was taken to a young lady. She was thin and looked very pretty. It was she who placed me in warm water to bathe, it was quite refreshing. Then I was told to rest. The young lady took care of me until I felt nice and comfortable.<br>

>"He looks relaxed," Harry remarked.<br>"He is. I made sure of it before I brought him here."

>"Good job Eller."<br>"I must warn you though, he won't talk."

>"Is he mute?"<br>"No, he either won't speak or doesn't want to speak."

>Harry thought about this for a moment.<br>"Is it possible that he forgot how to speak?"

>"There's a possibility."<br>"Then take him back and check for amnesia."

>"I'll bring him back tomorrow."<br>

>The next day:<br>"He has amnesia, so now what do we do?"

>"We'll restore his memory," Harry said simply.<br>"So you know a

spell or something Mr. know-it-all Minister of Magic!" Ron was enraged. He felt he had released his most hated enemy for nothing at all.

>"No I don't. We'll have to wait, there is a chance that he will regain his memory," Harry was still his calm self, even though one wrong choice can be the difference between life and death.<br>"You know what Harry? I've had enough. So it's no longer we have to wait, it's you that have to wait. I quit!" Ron slammed the door as he went, making Harry completely break down inside and out.

>"I've had enough too," he whispered.<br>

> I was free to explore some areas of the place I was in. Then the man with the scar took me to some places. He told me what those places were, but I didn't remember any of them. Hogwarts, Hogsmeade, Diagon Alley, they all seem so new to me. Then the man took me to a mansion, he said it was my childhood home. We went in and looked around. I saw a nicely furnished room full of dust, and something in my mine flickered. I saw a scene and I was in it, well, me as a boy. There was my mother and father. MY mother and father! I had a family! My mother was crying, while my father was beating me. I was down on the floor, I didn't dare move and I held my ground so I wouldn't cry. Boys weren't suppose to cry, or my father would beat me even more. I felt hurt. Why would my own father do such a thing? I was filled with a certain desire, to know who I am.<br>

>"Who am I?"<br>Harry jumped.

>"You can talk?" Harry asked, recovering from the shock.<br>Snape made a motion as if waving the comment away and asked "Who am I?"

>"Your name is Severus Snape. Your profession was a teacher at Hogwarts. You taught potions there."<br>Snape took a minute to take this in.

>"Place. Dark place, cloaked figures."<br>Harry was puzzled.

>"You mean Azkaban?"<br>Severus nodded.

>"Why? Metal, bars, out" Severus said, his speech scrambled and consisted of only a few words.<br>Harry was still able to understand.

>"You have a cure for my dying friend."<br>Severus shook his head.

>"You shall remember."<br>

> My name is Severus Snape. To me that is a simple yet amazing fact. A few days ago I consider myself a crazy man with nothing at all, now I have a family, a name and the knowledge that I am a person with a life. This fact gives me joy and yet when I think of that scene, it gives me great sorrow. The man with the scar, whose name is Harry Potter, told me about who I am. I have a feeling they are keeping many things a secret, but I'm lucky to even know my name.<br>

>Harry Potter sat at his office while he figured out what to do. I can't tell him the truth, he thought, but how is he suppose to remember how to make the potion? Harry thought about this point, then he had his mind set. I'll tell him, he thought, help me father, give me hope mother.<br>

>The next day found Harry and Severus in Severus's old lab:<br>"Severus, there's something we've been keeping from you."

>"I know," answered Severus whose expression was impossible to read.<br>"Do you know what we are keeping from you?" It was impossible for Harry to keep his face from looking concerned.

>"No," Severus answered simply.<br>Harry blew a sign of relief as he nervously told him, "Well you see, some years ago there was this evil

wizard who looked for followers. You became a follower six years ago and killed a lot of people. You were placed in Azkaban three years ago because of that. Anyway, you were working on this potion that is a substitute for unicorn blood. It's called the Lifeline Potion and can save someone who is only hanging on to a thread of life. But unlike unicorn blood, which will give you but a cursed half life, it will give you a healthy full life. We captured you and placed you in Azkaban before you could finish the potion. Now one of my closest friends is dying, he needs your help."

><br> I felt like someone had stabbed me in the back. In that moment I remembered everything. But instead of plotting Harry's death, I felt full of guilt and misery. I wanted to say sorry a million times and more. What I had done was cruel and unforgivable. I hated myself for what I had done. I wanted to kill myself but then I remembered the wise words of someone who caredâ€¦!

><br> "Severus, I'm not here to kill you or turn you over to the Ministry because you're a follower of Voldemort. I just want to advise you that the only way you can pay for the lives you take is to use your gift of healing to save others," Professor Dumbledore had said. I didn't listen to him then, but I know just what to do now. Thank you Dumbledore, I shall forever remember your wise words.

><br>"Come on Harry, let's go."

>"Where?"<br>"To get supplies of course."

>And for the first time in that week, Harry smiled.<br>

> I had to make the potion, that was for sure. Harry gave me some assistance but it took a whole week. Remus was so weak. I really hope this works.<br>

>"Remus! I'm so glad you're okay!"<br>"Thank you Harry. I owe you one."

>"Don't thank me, thank Severus, he's the one who made the potion." Severus has successfully created the Lifeline Potion. Now he, Harry, Sirius and Remus are celebrating the miracle in the hospital.<br>"Can I join the celebration?"

>"Ron! Come on in!"<br>"Harry, I just wanted to say sorry for not believing in you and for losing my temper."

>"That's okay Ron, because I know that you and I will be best buddies for life."<br>Ron smiled and said, "That is so true."

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><br>Three years later:

>"Severus! It's a happy day! You shouldn't cry!"<br>"But Remus! I can't believe Harry and Ron are having a double wedding!"

>"I think this double wedding is a great idea," Sirius agreed.<br>"Eller and Ron are the best couple though," Severus said.

>"Are you saying that my godson and Hermione aren't? I challenge you to a wizard's duel!" Sirius yelled madly.<br>"Look! This is where we get to congratulate them!" Remus said, trying his best to break up the argument. So they went up to the two happy couples.

>"Just remember to come to me if you have any illnesses or sickness or whatever that needs a healer. After all, I just got my healer's license," Severus said proudly. So they all had a good laugh and a wonderful time. May they forever flourish.<br>

><br>

><br>Disclaimer: All characters belongs to the honorable J.K. Rowling. Except for Eller, she's my character. Well I'll like to thank a couple of people: might as well start with my teacher Rosemary Robinson since it was she that said it was okay to write a fanfic for our final writing project, then there's Nikita Goodno's

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><br>-Mathemaniac

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End  
file.